THE CHARACTER OF A FANATICK:

By a Person of Quality.



LONDON,
Printed in the Year 1675.

CHARACTER
OF A
FANATICK:

By a Person of Quality.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year 1675.

THE CHARACTER OF A FANATICK.

HE is a person of a more exercised faith than understanding; one governed by Instinct, not Intellect; and who (like those of old) never thinks he has enough of the Deity; till beside himself. You may call him if you please, a perpetual motion, or a restless whirligig, ever Turning from bad to worse; or the *Ignis fatuus* of Divinity, carried about with every wind; least considering whence it cometh, or whether it goeth; as even such likewise, is every one that is born of him: It may be thought, the Prophet had somewhat like him in his eye, in that wheel (of his) within a wheel; for of himself he never was, but ill-split from another; like those imperfect, dough-bak'd Creatures produced by the Sun on the banks of *Nile*; so that his generation is founded in Corruption, and his extraction of the same Parentage with Monsters, not intended, but produced. His Principles are like the Chaos; a confused lump of every thing and nothing; or a Gallimofry of negatives; nor this, nor that, nor t'other, but what he is no man knows, no, not the Angels in Heaven, nor himself to boot; this only excepted, that he is more party colour'd than *Joseph's* Coat, and patch'd together of more pieces than a Taylor's Cushion. Nor is his practise much unsuitable to his principles; he puts on Religion as a *Cloak*, not a Garment, and varnishes his Impostures with Holiness to the Lord: Thus *Absalom* pre-

tends a Sacrifice, when his business is Rebellion; and *Herod* a Worship, when his design is Murther; not with much wonder *Machiavel* the *Florentine* hath taught him, he that would gain by deceit, must first acquire a credit, by (at least) a shew of integrity; and he that would practise upon the people, must follow the old rule of *Finge Deum*——such Influence have solemn looks, and verily, verily, upon the multitude, who have little else to pass them for men, but speech and figure: Hence it is that he puts off his Tinsel for Standard, and the Maggots of his own brain for divine Inspiration; That he obtrudes his Enthusiasmes for Visions, and justifies *Rome*, that even such dreams are of God. That he takes a holy pride to himself, and says to the rest of the world, stand off; that he calls the common infirmities of Mankind, Crying sins, National sins; Bow-dyed sins, and his own Mormo's, but slips, and failings; that he can see no sin in *Jacob*, nor iniquity in *his* Israel of God. That he calls them the only Holy, only Chosen, only Godly, only precious, only spiritually-discerning people. That he puts a discriminating *Schibolleth* on others; as Formalists, Carnalists, dry-Moralists, wither'd Fig-trees, outside men, negative-Holiness-men, *Opus-operatum*-men, will worshippers, *Laodiceans*, and what not. That he talks of nothing but new light, and Prophesie, spiritual *Incomes*, In-dwellings, Emanations, Manifestations, Sealings, and the like gibberish and canting. To which also the zealous twang of the Nose, adds no small efficacy. That he runs Counter to all things *in power*, and treads the Antipodes to every thing commanded, and for no other reason, but because commanded: for it may be observed, that the Lords Prayer, was not so absolutely thrown out of the Kirk, till recommended by its own directory: In short, That he calls subjection in matters of Religion, a tying up the spirit, and all Injunctions, even in things indifferent, a manifest invading the *Sanctum sanctorum*: And now the great cry is persecution for Conscience; nothing in his

mouth

mouth, but destitute, afflicted; and (the common Corollary) *but not forsaken.* Alas, alas, the habitations of *Jacob* are swallow'd, and the places of the *Assembly* taken away: A bow is bent against the daughter of *Judah*, and the breach of the Virgin of *Sion* is like a great Sea, whereas on the other hand, let him be but as in the years past; and that Sun once more shine on his Tabernacle. This success new models his Conscience, and like (*Aaron's* rod) he swallows up every thing that lies in his way: Even Princes must lay their hands on their mouths, and the Nobles not speak again to his words: The Poor distressed is become *Hogan Mogan*, and the *Servus servorum*, *Dominus dominantium*: The little flock claims a Kingdom *in condigno*, and the chosen generation sets up for a Royal Priesthood. In short, this little Horn takes a mouth to himself speaking mighty things, and his language is; Overturn, Overturn, Overturn. And now he makes his Doctrine suitable to his Text, and owns above-board, that Dominion is founded in Grace, not Nature: That the goods of this world, are properly the Elects: That himself and his Hyperdolins, are the only *Israelites*, and all the rest *Egyptians*: That the new *Jerusalem* must be propagated, as the second Temple was built, with the Sword in one hand, and the Trowel in t'other; or as the Abbot (in *Hen.* 3ds time) gave it in absolution to the Earl of *Leicester*, *Gladium spirituale sine gladio materiali nihil posse.* What shall I add? He declares that *quis suscitabit eum?* was personally meant of his Tribe: And yet this man has his followers, and these of the honorable Women too, not a few; for (to say truth) his conversation is much after the rate of that before the Flood, the sons of God among the daughters of men: Devotion in all places, whether true or false, being most natural to that Sex: 'Twas the Devil's policy to our first Parents, for well he knew that to beguil *Eve*, was the ready way to hook in *Adam*. And thus he proves a stumbling block to the Wives; and a rock of offence to the Husbands. In brief,

like the Dragon in the *Apocalyps*, his tail draws a third part of the ſtars, and caſts them to the Earth, the reaſon is obvious, *Fortitudo ejus in lumbis ejus, & virtus umbilico ventris*: But to proceed, his profeſſion is like his Allegiance, a meer (*Fucus*) yet, ſo well laid on, one (at firſt ſight) could not but ſwear 'twere natural: His Common-place, *Polyanthea*, and Concordance, and the height of his School-Divinity, the Aſſemblies Catechiſm: His Prayer, a Rapſody of holy hickops, ſanctified barkings, illuminated goggles, ſighs, ſobs, yexes, gaſps, and groans, not more intelligible than nauſeous: However (to give him his due) he Prays moſt heartily for the King, but with more diſtinctions and mental reſervations, than an honeſt man would have taken the Covenant: From hence (as out of the third Heaven) he falls by head and ſhoulders into his preachment; which what other is it, than a wild career over hill and dale, till the afternoon Chimes ſtop him; ῥήματα ἀῤῥητα, ἀῤῥητα ῥήματα; Thump upon thump, yelp upon yelp, doctrine upon doctrine, rule upon rule, reaſon upon reaſon, text upon text, proof upon proof, direction upon direction, motive upon motive, ſign upon ſign, token upon token, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little: effect upon effect, and uſes more than innumerable; and here likewiſe he crys up obedience to Magiſtrates, but with ſuch a *Salva gloria Dei*, that he had better let it alone: as alſo that they ought to be defended by their Subjects, in defence nevertheleſs of the true Religion, of which himſelf muſt be Judge. And for his Grace at meat, what can I better compare it too, than a *Canterbury rack*, half pace, half gallop; ſo his, an odd hobbling ſhuffle, between a Grace and a Prayer, and a Prayer and a Grace: Laſtly, as to his vertues, (for it cannot be denyed, but he has ſomewhat of that which *Tully* calls, *adumbrata virtutum ſpecimina*) I wiſh it might be ſaid of them, that they were other than mask'd hypocriſie, the Poet hit it:

Pa injum ſuadumque videri;
Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus objice nubem:

And like an apt Scholar, he has gotten his leſſon by heart, and can wrap the Philiſtin's ſword in a holy Ephod; from whence elſe is it, that he can crave a bleſſing to the deſign, though never ſo ungodly; and give thanks for the ſucceſs be it never ſo wicked: That he will not ſwear, but can diſpence with the profitable ſin of lying: That he will not be drunk (to be ſeen of men) but yet can take a brotherly rouſe in a corner: That he walks as though he had made a Covenant with his eyes, and yet *ſi uxor non vult aut non ſi poſſit, veniat ancilla*; is wholſom Doctrine with him: That he is a zealous obſerver of the Sabbath, and yet can make leſs Conſcience of ſchiſm than a ſurplice: That he crys, *Væ mihi ſi non Evangeliza vero*: and yet allows no impoſition of hands, but broken pates: That he abhors Idols, and yet can commit Sacriledge, which, what is it? than to burn the Idol with a coal from the Altar: That he exhorts (his beloved) to conſtancy under perſecution, and yet, [illegible] will he can lick himſelf ſo whole, 'Twill be hard to tell where he had been hurt. In ſhort, that he is a perfect *Samaritan*, for let the Gentiles prevail, and he is of the race of *Iſhmael*; and let the Jews get the upper hand, he had *Abraham* to his Father: To conclude, he is a gloworm that ſhines beſt in the night of ignorance, one whoſe Faith has eaten up his Charity: One that has torn the ſeamleſs Coat into raggs, and tack'd them together to cover his nakedneſs: one that having forſaken the fountain, has hewed to himſelf but broken ciſterns: one that ſwallows all things unchewed, and brings them up again as raw and undigeſted: one whoſe eys are at the end of the earth, and yet would be thought not to miſtake his way. In ſhort, one that has an excuſe for every thing that he [illegible]

this by Scripture; *Adeo nihil est quod S. Scriptura Torqueri non possis, modo Torqueatur.* In a word, he is one of whom it may be said, as *Heraclitus* of the bow, Τὸ μὲν ὄνομα βίος, τὸ δὲ ἔργον θάνατος; and but that I find him so well cut out by *Horace*, I had not yet taken off my hand from so everlasting an Argument.

Mallem quod scabies, aut morbus Regius urget
Aut Fanaticus error, aut iracunda Diana;
Vesanum tetigisse timent, fugiuntq; ——
Qui sapiunt ——

And not without reason; for though his distemper lies not in too much learning, yet to my unenlightned understanding, he speaks not the words, either of soberness or truth, but darkneth Counsel by words without knowledge.